

DIRECTORY.

DISTRICT OFFICERS.

District Judge, John C. Russell
District Attorney, D. M. Turner
District Clerk, Louis Kowalski
District court commences on the first Monday in the months of Feb. and September.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County Judge, E. C. Porto
County Attorney, Agustin Celaya
County Clerk, Joseph Webb
Sheriff, S. A. Brito
Treasurer, Celestino Garza
Assessor, George Champion
Collector, James A. Browne
Surveyor, John S. Hord
Inspector of Highways, Casimiro Tamayo

COMMISSIONERS.

Precinct No. 1—Antonio Vazquez
Precinct No. 2—Thomas Carson
Precinct No. 3—Narciso Cantu
Precinct No. 4—Pablo Perez
County court meets for civil criminal and probate business on the first Monday in March, June, September and December.

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor, Thomas Carson
Chief of Police, James H. Khan
Treasurer, Alfred Tuornham
Secretary, M. B. Kingsbury
Attorney, Frank Fenille
Surveyor, S. W. Brooks
Assessor and Collector J. A. Michel

SCHEDULE.

OF DEPARTURES AND ARRIVALS OF MAILS.

DEPARTURE.

For Alice, Texas, daily at 6 a. m.
" Rio Grande City, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6 a. m.
For Point Isabel, daily at 9 a. m.
" Matamoros, Mexico, Except Sunday, at 9:30 a. m.

ARRIVALS.

From Alice, Texas, daily at 10 p. m.
" Rio Grande, Tri-Weekly at 7 a. m.
" Point Isabel, daily at 6 p. m.
" Matamoros, Mexico, at 9:30 a. m.

Old Reagan, having nothing to do, and secretaries to help him, is living snugly on the exorbitant salary he draws for it, and indulging to the fullest extent his mania for writing the veriest slush on free silver, income tax, wildcat banks, and so forth. When Reagan was a young man, feeling good and receiving his fixed impressions from the external world, there were wildcat banks galore, and the income tax law was in full blast. Reagan was full of romance then, and he imagined the world shared his health. But he lived in a sparsely settled region, where there was a living for all in return for the minimum of labor. He was far removed from the centers of trade and population and knew nothing about the effect of laws or the struggle for existence. He knew of the existence of the laws by hearsay and report only, and experienced nothing of their practical workings. As soon as he was grown he went into office where he has since remained. He has been well cared for, and both by nature and circumstances has been impervious to any strong impressions. He is now in his dotage, has reached his second childhood, and he very naturally lives over again in his mind the period when he was fullest of life and enthusiasm and received his most vigorous impressions. Most romantic age! Oh, for the fabled fountain of perpetual youth!—Texas Cartoon.

Mr. Bilking: What? Complaining of the heat? I've heard you say you liked hot weather. Bobby Wilkins (with an injured air): That was last winter.—Good News.

Dimpling: Why did you leave lecture platform, Larkin Laykin? Well I was egged on to take that step.—Life.

A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS.

The Experience of a Fond Brother Who Wanted to Surprise His Sister.

For weeks I had been puzzling over a commencement gift for my sister, who was soon to graduate, when a letter from my mother made me decide upon a pair of silk stockings. The thought that I should have any trouble in buying a pair of silk stockings never crossed my mind, and it was with a feeling of confidence that I entered one of the largest dry goods houses in the city.

A floorwalker inquired what I wanted, and directed me to the "third counter to the left, down four rows," and waved his hand in a general way. After some wandering I found the "third counter to the left, down four rows," and to the young man who presided behind it said that I wanted to see some stockings.

"Yes, sir; you mean socks."

"No, silk stockings," said I, and I felt that the suggestion of a blush was hanging on my manly brow.

"It's socks, sir; socks, sir," reiterated the clerk.

"But I want them for a lady," and as I said these words I grew red. The clerk looked at me and then said: "H-m-m—oh, yes! Fourth counter to the right, down two rows."

It was a young lady who stood behind this counter, and she maintained a stony silence until I asked her to show me some silk stockings.

"White or colored?"

"Why, I hadn't thought of that! Which would you suggest?" But this question seemed to freeze her, for she again relapsed into silence. "Which is the fashionable color for ladies?" I went on, bound to treat the matter as a mere business transaction. "I mean, do young ladies usually wear colored stockings?"

This seemed to make matters worse, for the young woman glared at me. I thought that perhaps I had made a mistake about color, and so I continued: "Well, after all, I guess white will do. Just wrap me up a pair of your best white silk stockings."

"Will you have clocks?" she deigned to ask.

"No, not clocks—stockings," and I looked at her in blank amazement.

"I mean, will you have them clocked or not clocked?"

Now I hadn't the ghost of an idea what she was driving at, but didn't intend to confess my ignorance. A bright idea struck me. "If you were paying them for yourself, which would you prefer?"

"What?"

"I mean, if—if you were me, which would you prefer?"

The look in her eyes I interpreted to mean, "Go no further, sir; I regard your remarks as offensively personal." So I went to further and said I would take them without clocks. My sister had a watch, and she could get along very well with that.

"What size?" was the young woman's next inquiry.

"Oh, the usual size for young ladies," said I.

"You must be more exact, sir," she said.

"Well, she—that is, the person who is to have these stockings—is about five feet high. Oh, she is just the size of most young ladies. She is no larger than you are. Now, what size do you think she'd wear?"

"Sir, I don't know."

But I am not going on with this painful narration. All men who have been in the same fix will appreciate my feelings. At length, however, I could stand it no longer, and I blurted out that I wanted a pair of silk stockings for my sister as a commencement gift, that I was willing to pay for them, but I didn't know anything about buying them. Then the young woman relented and in her sweetest voice suggested she wrap up a pair of of the best stockings, and that I write to my sister that if they didn't fit she could exchange them. This I did, but the sun will rise in the west before I buy any woman's stockings again.—Cor. New York Recorder.

Careless and Too Careful Writers.

"I've read," said an editor, and it was a painstaking woman editor who said it, "hundreds of rolled manuscripts, and I never yet have found one that I cared to print. I have decided that the stupidity which rolls a manuscript cannot produce anything worth reading. It is such short sighted policy, too, for the rolled manuscript once read is hopelessly muddled, and must be recopied before being presented to another editor. Late-ly I have had one or two manuscripts sent to me with a new scheme for editorial misery. Each page of the article is folded separately, necessitating a careful rearrangement of the whole thirty or forty sheets, before they can be read, and this notwithstanding the copious information and suggestion which is constantly being printed for the benefit of writers."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Deserted at the End.

William the Conqueror was a man of very gross habit of body, and at the siege of Mantes was hurt by the rearing of his horse, the pommel of the saddle striking the king in the abdomen and causing injuries from which he died in

a few days. Before his death he was deserted by all his attendants, who stole and carried off even the coverings of the bed on which he lay. The body remained on the floor of the room in which the king died for two days before it was buried by charitable monks from a neighboring monastery.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Appropriate Text.

A preacher in Boston was a little fellow, so little that a box had to be hastily brought from the cellar for him to stand on. The services proceeded safely until the sermon, when he mounted the box and announced his text, "A little while ye shall see me, and a little while and ye shall not see me." At this point the box broke, and the prophecy was verified amid the smothered laughter of the congregation.—New York Evening Sun.

Budweiser and Pale Lager Beer at Celestin Jagou's.

—If you want a cool glass of beer go to Mike Leahy's.

Dates for Teachers' Examinations

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION,
AUSTIN, TEXAS, May 18, '02.

The regular Teachers' Examinations will be held on the third Friday and the following Saturday in February, April, June, August, September, and November.

Special examinations may be held on the third Friday and the following Saturday of any other month, except July, provided notice is given the State Superintendent at least two weeks before the day the said examination is to begin.

No questions for these special examinations will be sent to any county, except at the request of the county superintendent or county judge.

Most respectfully,
J. M. CARLISLE.

State Superintendent Public Instruction

MORGAN STEAMSHIP LINE.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(ATLANTIC SYSTEM.)

Steamers make trips between

Morgan City and Brazos San-

tiago, via Galveston

about every ten

days.

For further information call on or address

M. B. KINGSBURY, Agent.

GO TO

SCOTT'S

for

Furniture,

Picture Frames, Moldings and

Mattresses, Garden Benches,

Gallery Chairs and the

Continental Refriger-

erators, etc.

San Roman Building,

Elizabeth Street.

BROWNSVILLE, TEXAS.

PATENTS

Caveats and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES. OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo, with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.

OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

This space belongs to

L. N. PETITPAIN,

IMPORTER OF ALL EUROPEAN GOODS.

MATAMOROS, MEXICO.

J. B. WELLS,
Brownsville.

R. W. STAYTON,
R. J. KLEBERG,
Corpus Christi

WELLS, STAYTON & KLEBERG,

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW

And General Land Agents.

[1849. ESTABLISHED 1849.]

STEPHEN POWERS,
POWERS & MAXON,
POWERS & WELLS,
WELLS & RENTERO,
WELLS, RENTERO & DICKS.

Successors to.

We buy and sell
Real Estate, and
Investigate Land
Titles on reason-
able terms.

We have in our of-
fice a complete as-
sessment of all lands
in record in Cam-
pan County, Tex.

Will practice in any of the Federal or State courts of the state when specially employed.

FIELD. FIELD. FIELD.

Not a corn field, but
H. M. Field, the lumber king.

DEALER IN

Lumber, shingles and building material. Also agent for the celebrated Madison, Ind., beer, for sale by cask or car load. Pays highest price for country produce.

STORE: One block from depot.

H. M. Field.

San Antonio Brewing Association.
Export

Pearl 3-xx-3 Beer.

Best beer in the market. Guaranteed to keep in this climate. Made from the best Malt and Hops.

J. S. and M. H. Cross

Agents.

Brownsville,

Texas.